

108 FABLES in VERSE.

When the young Larks this news repeat,
Hence, cries the dam, we all must get;
Your legs, your wings, my children try,
For down to-morrow goes the rye.

*That never bid your friends pursue,
Which you without their aid can do.*



FABLES in



The FEAST of

THE Eagle once pr
Where every bird
You Nightingale (said
A concert and a bill of

The tuneful, little b
Admir'd by all, by m

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